46. Gordon Sq Nov 9

22, Hyde Park Gate,
S.W.

1904

Mey Kolat.

Two good letters this morning, so you deserve a real treat – 2 delightful manuscripts to read. I'm not sure whether they're worth sending to Murr. L: or not; only I took quite a lot of trouble over the new Forest one, & wrote it with sweat & toil, though it is so short.

You shall have heaps more when you come back. You are the person I can best stand criticism from – which aint saying much. This delicious to be at home again, & nothing will dislodge me.

Ever V

46 Gordon St

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

11th Nov:

My Violet,

What a bore about poor old Cassie – she was very anxious to cultivate her friendship with her husband Gen. Of course Gen & Mrs Maitland had meant come to dinner. to-day, & she said that my diamond & ruby ring was supposed to be priceless, & originally belonged to our great great grandmother, the Frenchwoman whose portrait Vega wears in her locket. She (Florena) has a sapphire brooch which belonged to her, for which she was offered £500 ..

23, Hyde Park Gate,
S.W.

She was a rich old Lady, & most
of our things apparently descend
from her, & are old French.
I don't in the least expect Mrs.
Lyttelton to take that article —
I stupidly didn't type write it —
indeed wrote it merely rather
hurriedly & illegibly as I hate
typing — & forgot to give my
address or to enclose a stamped
~~envelope~~ envelope for return. So
I don't think my chances are good.
I don't in the least want Mrs.
Li: candid criticism; I want her
Cheque! I know ah about-
my merits & failings better.

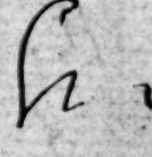
than the Con from the right of one
article, but it would be a great
relief to know that I could make
a few pence easily in this way — as
our pass books came last night, &
they are greatly overdrawn. This all
the result of this idiotic illness, &
I should be glad to write something
which would pay for small Extras.
I honestly think I can write better
stuff than that wretched article for
Aunt me. Why on earth does she take
such trash? — But there is a knack
of writing for newspapers which
has to be learnt, & is quite independent
of literary merits. So I don't mind
one if she does say my writing
won't do; except that I mean to
try & get some one to take it.

My hope is that she will say she would like to see other things. I could easily re-write some old things, or write new ones, if I have time better than the Manorbier I sent her.

NYPL

Jan will come to lunch on Tuesday.

My sleep is not better, except that I think I am less wide awake & get more rest, although I do lie awake from 4 onwards. I have a kind of feeling that I shall sleep when I go to bed, & that is half the battle. I am much better than I was, & I can see the sense of going away again. I am better & quieter here than at Cambridge.



I will try your prescription.

I sent address & stamped envelope to Mrs Lyttelton but the haint sent back the proof. yet.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Monday.
14th Nov:

My Kolet,

Mrs Lyttelton must be a very sensible woman. Do bring her letter with you to lunch, as if I'm to try any other paper with the Manchester article her criticisms however stringent will be worth attending to. My Coarse Manchester was rough as hemp, under the circumstances — I think anyhow, with a renewed brain I ought to do better now. But-

I sent address & stamped envelope to Mrs Lyttelton but the hair-dresser took the ms. fet.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Monday.
14th Nov:

My Kolet,

Mrs Lyttelton must be a very sensible woman. Do bring her letter with you to lunch, as if I'm to try another paper with the Manorbier article her criticisms however strin gent will be worth attending to. Of course Manorbier was rough as hemp, under the circumstances — & I think anyhow, with a renewed brain I ought to do better now. But-

1,500 would rather appalls me. I could write 3,000 twice as easily; 1500 is a very short article, & would have to be boiled down. However I am too delighted to have a chance of turning an honest penny to mind what I do for it - & the is very generous to allow me any subject - as that gives me a larger field. Any precious MS. book, which would have given me hints for dozen's of articles is lost in the move, so I shall have to

NYPL

write something new. At present I must toil at the letters, which are in four great bundles; besides I have 3 great bundles of Norton letters to read through & mark, & Ted writes this morning that he can't get through all he hoped to do before sailing, & wants to have a good deal for me to finish - referencing & copying I suppose, which takes time then I have to write something. for him - however that can wait - & a cheque or two wouldn't come at all amiss. The family coffers are low - I sent my pass book to the Bank to be got up, & they have never sent it back, & I don't know the state of my private income. Still I want

if possible, to pay rather more than my share this winter, to make up a little for those d— 'd nurses & doctors. D'ye think Mrs Lethbridge will let me write fairly often? — & what does she pay for these little articles? not much, I suppose — indeed they aren't worth much — & I can't conceive why she has them. Would she let me review Eve? I want to get the Cornhill or some magazine like that to take longer & better articles. Yes Maxe might! — however that must wait. Fred sails on the 10th NYPL & I shall have finished by then. Keep better rather last night. It will be a treat to see you elongated thanks Jan — & at dinner too. Perne Strachey is lunching. Ever

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

21st Nov.

Eggleswick School
Settle
Yorkshire.

My Violet.

Here I am, sitting at my window
under the moors, which are all
white with snow & frost, & the
temperature is below freezing. I
keep warm with a fire & a fur rug,
& I might be in the heart of
the Alps. The snow stays
sometimes on the hills till June or
July, they say. The school is
on in a little hollow by itself, with
great craggy moors on all four sides

I am hoping to get a good walk out among them, but so far Madge has had bothersome little School duties to do, & I have not had a chance to get beyond the garden hardly. The Country with its moors breaking into grey stone & grey stone walls instead of hedges & stone houses reminds me of Cornwall, & I always expect to find the Atlantic. I have done my round of School duties - Lectures, Concert, Chapel, Hall - & my word it is dreadly. We have not had a meal alone so far - always either boys or masters. So I don't get much chance talk with Madge, & when ever we are alone for a minute

in Bloomsbury with, like George, & begs me not
to let Madge talk modishly. He is
rather afraid that my influence upon her
is not a good one. The boys — & is always
reminding her of her duties as the Head master's
wife. He is curiously like George: only
with more solid brains; but he is conventional
to the backbone, & loves all the small
dignities & duties of his position. Madge
only longs for amusing unconventional
people — artists & writers — & as the boys
only Madge says many things without
meaning them. Will is a Philistine &
thinks there's something wrong in cleverness.
I can't help wondering whether she wouldn't
have been happier unmarried — at least to
Will. She does seem thrown away here.
She loves the Country of course, but the
life is deadly, & she has no friends —
There aren't any people for her to be
friends with — except among the masters
& one or two old Maids in the village.

She is very charming, & artistic, & works
a way like a hero, & tries to take an
interest in football & school cricket
but I cant conceive a dreadfuller life for
anyone - let alone Margy. She is
probably planted here for life. Will
is an excellent old Blunderbuss
very sterling & honest, but thickheaded
& conventional till, as I say, he raises
his Cousin George. He has more of
George's tact, so that lucky little is
not made smooth by him. The
children are delightful; very healthy
independent little animals, not in the
least shy yet; indeed I have just
had to drive them all off my knee,
& to leave to tell them another long
story about a Dog. I have already
invented a great many wonderful
facts about Wolves & Horses which
they absorb very literally, & ask me
all kinds of impossible questions. I

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

was amazed yesterday when in answer
to Janet's demands I described the
appearance & habits of the dragon - whose
picture I wear on my watch chain. I
had to make him as horrid as possible;
& suddenly I found that Lily's paternal
eye was on me disapprovingly: he didn't
like his children to be told fables,
especially on a Sunday. They have
their Sunday books — but I must say
they don't seem to suffer in spirit.
Madge is always trying to make them
do their own way, & have their own
ideas - & will want to "discipline"
them in true pedagogic manner.
However he is a most devoted father
& husband for the matter of that - though
somewhat a blind one, I think.

I think I sleep rather better - more soundly when I do sleep, & that makes a great difference. Mark is longing to know you, & asks me always to describe you - which is difficult - except that you are b[illegible] 2, & very comic looking !! She is very anxious to come & stay with us, as soon as she can get away from this infernal school, & she wants to meet people. She is like a starved bird up here, & it is quite pathetic how eager she is to talk, & how full of ideas & theories - which have to be shelled the moment Mark comes in to the room - or he would call them "morbid"

Here a maid comes in to say that the
Gardener is taken very ill, & may she
go for a doctor. Madge & Cousin has
to go out in the snow to the Gardeners
Cottage - Will wont let her take Brandy
unless the doctor orders it. So here
she comes back again; the doctor does
order Brandy, as the man's heart is
bad in the present cold; so she
makes another journey, & then the maid
tells her that she must have a Char in
to help - & so it goes on - & the
unfortunate novel which Madge is
longing to write at, having the mood
on her, won't get much done to it
this morning I foresee. Will takes it
all as part of the day's work, & moved
writing & everything else for an artistic
kind must give way before it.
I must say Madge takes it like
an angel. It makes me rather cross though

Mrs Lyttelton hasn't sent me any books yet, but as I haven't had a moment to write - except at the letters - I am rather glad. I expect they will turn up to day. I hope she will say when she wants the reviews, & I will do my best to make a good impression. I was to tell the truth, which need not be repeated a little taken aback by Margaret. She is elderly & dried up, & no mistake. I tried to be affectionate, but she evidently preferred to talk about the weather & I didn't bother myself. She is clearly kind & good meaning, but there is nothing interesting or attractive about her - & never will be. That is the worst of it. If she were young one could have hopes - but she will stay just as she is till she dies dull & respectable & with beautiful manners. However they sound happy, & if they can manage that it don't matter what I say. Write again. E.M.F.

NYPL

coming up on Tuesday. Yr AB

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury. 26th Nov.

Egglewick. 1904

(Here are some Brontë pictures by Mrs)

My Violet

I begin to loathe pen & ink after copying letters all the morning, & writing stupid articles for Mrs. Lyttelton. She has sent me a book by Howells, which she says is good; I have'nt read it yet. I wish people wouldn't tell me what they think I ought when I know I'm sure to disagree. However I must do my best. I have written her an article on Haworth, so I wont go into details about that. I wrote it

in less than 2 hours, so I don't
suppose it is very loud; but I
never do know about my things,
Madge likes it NYPL

Here we go on in the same way —
endless teapartie[s] of hers & matters
& now the old ladies of Eggleswick
have taken to asking us out. So
we are rather sociable. I have
had two good walks on the Moors
though, alone which I thoroughly
enjoyed. The snow is as hard as
ice, & not melted at all. It was
13 degrees below freezing last night,
& except for the sun it ain't

much warmer today.

Madge is delightful & we discuss literature & other things for hours on end. She is like a clever & lovesick child, but not in the least mature. She & Will are, as I see more every day, are perfectly happy. She says herself that no life could suit her better, though she makes the most of her grandeur. She worships him, & defers to him in everything: & there is a great deal that is charming & clever about him besides all his solid good qualities. He is really the saving of her, & keeps her going in all kinds of ways. I can't imagine what she would do without him to decide things for her. They

That silly
are a charming pair
old Nessa has been a boasting Savage
theories as usual – I cat conceive how
any body can be fool enough to
believe in a doctor. I know he
will soon think down & take me –
what is the fact. that I am quieter
& better in London than anywhere else –
just as he had to live in about
walking alone, being isolated. My
life is a constant fight against
doctors folly, it seems to me. of
course I dont sleep any better here.
though I sit such a good amount
& feel perfectly well. I think
I my perfectly quiet room at home,
where I need never talk or be
disturbed with a pang – Lord
what fools people are – I am